Come, ſhall we goe along?

Enter Sir Richad Ratliffe, with the Lord Riuers, Gray, and Vaughan, priſoners.

Rat. Come bring forth the priſoners.

Riu. Sir Richard *Ratliffe*, let me tell thee this:
To day ſhalt thou behold a ſubiect die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyaltie.

Gray. God keepe the Prince from all the packe of you:
A knot you are of damned blood-ſuckers.

Riu. O *Pomfret*, *Pomfret*. O thou bloody priſon,
Fatall and ominous to noble Peeres:
Within the guilty cloſure of thy walles
Richard the ſecond here was hackt to death:
And for more ſlaunder to thy diſmall ſoule,
We giue thee vp our guiltleſſe blouds to drinke.

Gray. Now Margarts curſe if falne vpon our heads,
For ſtanding by, when *Richard* ſtabd her ſonne.

Riu. Then curſt ſhe *Haſtings*, then curſt ſhe *Buckingham*,
Then curſt ſhe *Richard*. O remember God,
To heare her prayers for them as now for vs,
And for my ſiſter and her princely ſonne:
Be ſatisfied deare God with our true blouds,
Which as thou knoweſt vniuſtly muſt be ſpilt.

Rat. Come, come, diſpatch, the limit of your liues is out.

Riu. Come *Gray*, come *Vaugham*, let vs all imbrace
And take our leaues, vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to counſell.

Haſt. My Lords at once, the cauſe why we are met,
Is to determine of the Coronation.
In Gods name ſay, when is this rayall day?

Buc. Are all things fitting for that royall time?

Dar. It is, and let but nomination.

Biſh. To morrow then, I gueſſe a happie time.

Buc. Who knowes the Lord *Protectors* minde herein?
Who is moſt inward with the noble *Duke*? (his mind.

Bi. Why you my L: me thinks you ſhould ſooneſt know

Buc. Who I my Lord? we know each others faces:
But for our hearts, he knowes no more of mine,
Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine,

Lord

Lord *Haſtings*, you and he are n
Haſt. I thanke his grace, I kn
But for his purpoſe in the Co
I haue not ſounded him, nor h
His graces pleaſure any way the
But you my L. may name thet
And in the Dukes behalfe Ile g
Which I preſume he will take i

Biſh. Now in good time hee

Enter Gloſter

Glo. My noble L. and couſen
I haue bene long a ſleepe, but n
My abſence doth neglect no g
Which by my preſence might

Buc. Had not you come vpo
William L. *Haſtings* had now pr
I meane your voyce for crown

Glo. Then my L. *Haſtings*, no
His Lordſhip knowes me well, a

Haſt. I thanke your grace.

Glo. My Lord of Elie.

Biſh. My Lord.

Glo. When I was laſt in Holb
I ſaw good ſtrawberries in you
I do beſeech you ſend for ſome

Biſh. I goe my Lord.

Glo. Couſen *Buckingham*, a w
Catesby hath ſounded *Haſtings* i
And findes the teſty gentlema
As he will looſe his head ere giu
His maiſters ſonne as wotſhipf
Shall looſe the royaltie of Engl

Buc. Withdraw you hence m

Dar. We haue not yet ſet do
To morrow in mine opinion is
For I my ſelfe am not ſo well p
As elſe I would be, were the da

Euter the Biſhop of

Biſh. Where is my L. *Protect*

G

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